

The Forgotten Spartan

by Ragma

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-02-22 22:14:17

Updated: 2007-02-22 22:14:17

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:51:01

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,021

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The story of a soldiers past, long ago framed and tricked by Colonel Ackerson and kicked out of the Spartan program.

The Forgotten Spartan

Halo: The Forgotten Spartan

Ch:1 Down Fall

Bodies of man and covenant alike scattered around, the blood of both human and alien mixed on the grounds of the once beautiful Reach. In the middle stood a man on his knees exhausted and wounded after fighting none stop for so long. His battle worn battle rifle sat down next to him forgotten to him. The man was a ODST with a secret past and, in his hand he held a piece of paper, a letter directed to anyone willing to read about his life and how he was one of ONI's biggest secrets full of cloak and daggers. The man kneeling just stood there frozen reflecting on what just happened and to the events that lead to this conclusion. Eventually his exhaustion caught up to him and he collapsed and fell unconscious still holding the letter.

The letter contains a short writing entry of the soldiers past, long ago framed and tricked by Colonel Ackerson and kicked out of the Spartan program.

* * *

>0447 Hours, June 23, 2550 (Military Calendar) <p>Location:
Classified<p>

Orders From Colonel Ackerson

Title: Entry of the Unknown Soldier

I know that ONI well never make this record known and what I write

here well never be seen by anyone out side of ONI. I guess you can thank Ackerson for that shit. It's funny that if you are reading this then I'm probably dead or I am in my final days of my life and, yet I regret none of the crap that I did in my life. At one point I might of but I guess when you are stuck in the spot I am you see things more clearly or it just got to the point that I don't care anymore. I found my reason to fight and it's not for revenge but to survive and try to help my fellow soldiers survive this so called genocide. If somehow humanity survives and I'm still around I know that ill be able to get my revenge.

I was a Spartan once believe it or not. Now I'm just an ODST stuck at the rank of private after years of fighting never allowed to advance and any credit of my success ignored or given to another soldier. This is my punishment or should I say the torture by Ackerson. To him I'm his play toy, he couldn't destroy Dr. Halsey's project but he did the next best thing and destroyed the life of one of her Spartans. I fear for John and the remaining Spartans somehow I don't think what Ackerson did to me is his final revenge and he might be waiting for the right time to strike and deliver the final blow to the project.

* * *

>1120 Hours, August 22, 2517 (Military Calendar)

Earth Chicago IL

Dr. Halsey Spartan Phase 1 Logs

This was the fourth subject Halsey had visited in just a few days. The subject was number 018; the boy was just seven years old. His name was Allen and he was already a head taller than any of the kids in his class. Halsey saw the photo of Allen and his classmates showing him clearly taller than all the other students. From the data that she read before coming to Earth it said that 018 was a smart kid but in his school records his teachers had written that he would get bored in class and would end up getting in trouble. It had to be the case since his records showed quite of few disciplinary acts against him. The records said that he was quite a problem maker and would get into fights. She reviewed the records one more time on her pda and stored it in her pocket and entered Allen's school.

At this hour 018 was in gym a perfect time to see what he was capable of doing physically. She used the cover that she was checking out school to see if his son would be able to fit in the school. She usually used this cover every time she visited a subject at school only one thing had changed and was the loss of Lt. Keyes that would pretend to be her husband. Sadly she had to send him packing when he began to understand what she was really up to with all the kids she visited. She kind of missed him, being alone all the time allowed her to be alone with her thoughts and it sometimes lead to her regretting what she was doing she enjoyed the company of the lieutenant. The Dr arrived out side to the schools field and saw 2 rows of kids with 15 on each side standing away each other and facing each other. In between 8 red rubber balls where laid out in a line by what seemed the kid's gym teacher. It was obvious that the kids were getting ready to play dodge ball. It did not take Halsey long to find 018 he stood taller than all the other kids.

A few min later the teacher blew a whistle and at that sec 018 was the first to move running toward one of the balls. He was fast, faster than any of the kids. He reached one of the balls by the time the other kids where half way to them. He picked the ball aimed and fired. The ball hit an unfortunate kid right in the face. By that time the other kids got to the middle. The dodge balls started to fly around the field. 018 dodged all that was thrown at him. A few min passed and all that remained was a kid of average size and 018. Both held a dodge ball on their hands. 018 stood there patiently waiting for the kid to strike first. In his face he had a little smirk which would later become his trademark. Finally the kid through the dodge ball it seem that it was going to hit 018 but at the last sec he jumped to right and it missed him. The boy was fast he was able to fire his ball almost at the same time he dodged. The dodge ball hit the kid right in the face once again. Halsey noted that 018 had taken out eight kids and each one was with a well placed shot in the face.

That was all Halsey needed to see, 018 passed the test and would become part of the training. She walked away and turned around for a sec before heading out of the school grounds and took a look at 018. He was happy and smiling with his grin as his team cheered him for winning the game for them. She hated her self for what she was going to do. If she only knew the hell she was going to put him through.

In a whisper under her breath she said "I'm sorry." she sighed and walked away.

* * *

>1210 Hours, October 2nd, 2525 (Military Calendar) <p>Reach: ONI Research Lab.<p>

Years passed and as Halsey promised 018 was on his way of becoming a Spartan. The Spartans grew stronger and smarter every day 018 and all the Spartans had forgotten about their old lives and had no need for the memories. Allen had become an expert at close combat he could turn anything into a deadly weapon at close range. If he no weapon on hand his fist and feet became his weapons of choice.

It had been a month after the augmentation. The success of the augmentation and the amazing test results from exercises the Spartans had performed did not take long for ONI and the brass to receive and notice that Halsey had succeeded in her experiment and developed Super Soldiers.

The news of the success of the project traveled fast in ONI and it didn't take long for Halsey's biggest nemesis to get the news.

Colonel Ackerson sat reading all of the tests and records of the Spartans. Every report he read enraged him more and more. The success of Dr. Halsey's Spartans was being praised by all of ONI and the results was hurting Ackerson. His funding for his projects was cut the second the news of the success hit the top brass. ONI was to busy throwing money at Halsey's priced Spartans.

Ackerson could not take it anymore. He slammed his fist onto his desk making his cup of coffee to spill all over but he just didn't

care.

"Damit!" Ackerson said with rage

The shadowy figure of Beowulf, ONI's AI appeared on a small holo projector in Ackerson office.

"Is something wrong Colonel Ackerson?" Beowulf asked in a shrouded voice.

"Dr. Halsey and her tinker toys must be stopped. Her work has put all my projects at risk." Ackerson explained.

"I need time to think about what must be done. Shut your self down Beowulf." Ackerson told the AI

Beowulf disappeared from the projector and went into stand by mode.

Some how Ackerson had to find a way to stop or slow down the Spartans. It was at the point that he could no longer cancel the project but he could at least find a way to eliminate a few of the Spartans and tarnish thief image.

Ackerson pondered for hours on methods. If he tried to eliminate the Spartans he would be court martial and branded for treason. It did not take him long to figure that some how he had to diminish the so called views the brass had that the Spartans where the perfect soldiers. If he could shake the confidence ONI and the brass had for them maybe they would abandon or at least stop wasting all kinds of funds on the project.

The only way he saw was to tarnish the Spartans name by setting them up for a black op mission that would result in failure. Ackerson got to work and began to create false data for a mission that would end in disaster. The work contained false orders and made sure the Intel was wrong.

Ackerson found the perfect place to set his mission a rebel colony named Defias in the outer areas of the Sol system. Negotiations have been in the works for a few months with the colony trying to make peace. Ambassador Andrews was being sent to help negotiate the peace. If the Spartans orders was to assassinate the leader of the rebels when the meeting was in session then the situation would escalate to war. If his fake mission worked all chances of peace with the colony would be gone and all of the responsibility and blame would fall on the Spartans shoulders. It might kill Andrews but it was a risk Ackerson was willing to take.

Hours later preparations where done. Since the order of the mission was coming directly from ONI and the with the UNSC wanting to keep the Spartan project classified no questions would be asked and all data of the orders would be untraceable. Just to be extra careful Ackerson had all the data that would lead any trace to him deleted by Beowulf and had the AI's memory deleted.

The orders where sent. Ackerson smiled and laid back on his chair. He opened a cabinet and took out a bottle of fifteen year old whiskey and poured a bit of the liquid in a glass cup. He drank it and felt pleased with his work. Now all he had to do was choose which one of

the freaks to get rid of. He opened a file with the list of the Spartans names and after ten minutes he picked two candidates. Spartan John 117 and Spartan Allen 018 he had to choose one of the two Spartans. The fate of John and Allen was decided by a coin toss and Allen lost the bet his fate was now sealed.

To be continued...

End
file.